

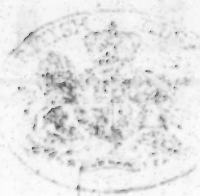
THE
CIRCUS:
OR, 1048. l. 15
BRITISH OLYMPICKS.
A
SATYR
ON THE
RING in Hide - Park.

*Sunt quos Curriculo Pulverem Olympicum.
Collegisse juvat.* ————— HORAT. Od. 1.

L O N D O N:

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The PREFACE.

A Preface to a Satyr of this kind, may perhaps look very odd among our new-fangl'd Quality, with whom nothing will relish, but what is gay and modish; for Vanity has got the Ascendant over their Virtue, good Nature, and Compassion: So that one Acquaintance will not bow to another, if the Advantage lies on either side, especially if one be on Foot, and the other is mounted, as he imagines, in his triumphal Chariot: But it would look more strange, if it was not conformable to the Mode of the Times; for if Gentlemen are never such dear Companions now, they must have no Conversation together, but upon equal terms, least some should say to the Man of Figure, Bless me, Sir! what strange filthy Fellow was that you bow'd to parading in the Mall, as you was driving to the Ring? I wonder any body will demean themselves so much as to converse with dirty People that walk on Foot. A Gentleman should never be seen in the Street out of a Chair or a Coach; I do not mean a filthy Hackney-Coach, which is enough to make a Man that consults his Appetite, puke in a Morning; for 'tis Nicety in Taste that distinguishes a Man of Parts.

No Person can ever lay Claim to Wit and fine thinking, that does not lie soft a Nights, wear clean Linnen a days, and eat with a peculiar kind of Delicacy at all times; for these things are as necessary to the forming of a bright Genius, as clean Straw and Chalk are to the whitening the Flesh of an Essex Calf. And

as this Curiosity ought to be observ'd in our Diet, so it ought more particularly to be regarded in our Manners, especially that part which tends to good Breeding; which is the Reason the fair Sex so far outdo us in Punctillio's, the very Essence of Education; for I have heard of a Lady, whose Nicety prevail'd over her Inclinations so much, that she would scarce allow her self the Benefits of Nature, least they should defile the Purity of her Imaginations, and make her break thro' the Decorum of good Manners. She avoided chewing of her Victuals, for fear of corrupting of her Teeth and a stinking Breath, so she swallow'd her meat whole, with the help of a curious pair of Gold Tongues and a Whalebone Rammer. She could not bear the Thoughts of Marriage, because she dreaded the Apprehension of touching Man's-flesh, tho' some Friends of less Ceremony, perswaded her to that at last, upon Account that there was no occasion for chewing.

Now, as some are as curious in Dress and Equipage, as others are in Decorums; to oblige all these Virtuoso's of such distinguishing Gouts, I have penn'd this Ironical Satyr against the slovenly part of the World, who value themselves upon Reason and good Sense, and so neglect those valuable Things which are of so much Concern to the Well-bred and Accomplish'd, who only deserve the happy Title of the Beau-Monde.

Adieu.

T H E

T H E
C I R C U S :
O R,

BRITISH Olympicks, &c.

From vulgar Eyes, on Plains exalted high,
 Where noble Dust does in Confusion fly,
 Thither the Wealthy and the Great repair,
 To draw Contagion from polluted Air.
 In gilded Chariots some delight to ride,
 And with their Folly, gratify their Pride;
 While the vile ends they court from this Address,
 Gives them false Notions of true Happiness.
 The empty Fame these Gallants have in view,
 And with such hasty Violence pursue,
 Alas! will wither ere the Glory's got,
 Tho' destin'd theirs by *Fortune's* bounteous Lot;
 And tho' no Laurel-palms adorn their Brows,
 Immortal Wreaths are giv'n by gentle 'Spouse,
 T' exalt their Honour, and adorn their House.
 These are the Glories, this the hunted Prize,
 The boasted Fame of Circle-Victories.

}

Blush, *Britons*, then, that here you tamely yield
 The Trophies won in *Bleinheim's* dustier Field;
 Where your brave Ancestors rejoyc'd to see
 Honour retriev'd by their Posterity.

But see how soon the blooming Flow'r is gone,
 With'ring beneath the Coldness of the Moon!
 Heavy and dull, like that moist Planet, now
 The sprightly Wits and active Heroes grow;
 The wat'ry Flegm lies floating in the Brain,
 And makes them like the Women, proud and vain.
 A thousand different Whims possess the Mind,
 To Day they love, to Morrow are inclin'd
 Fantastickly to vary like the Wind.

Flora her-self, tho' much more nice and gay,
 Changes her Liv'ry not so oft as they.

The fickle Fop, insatiate in his Lust,
 Has not for ought but Equipage a Gust;
 The tinsel Harness glitters in his Eyes,
 And makes him fancy, as he's great he's wise:
 While the bold Coursers, bound with full career,
 Lash'd briskly by the brawny Charioteer;
 The fated Epicure lolls at his Ease,
 'Till Vanity becomes ev'n a Disease;
 The Head turns giddy, as the Wheels turn round,
 And this wise Man at last a Fool is found;
 A meer Mock-man, or if there's ought that's less,
 A Blockhead made on purpose for a Dress.
 But Heav'n's is't possible for to believe
 Mankind should study Mankind to deceive,

To see such glorious Shows of Outside shine,
 And find no kind of Furniture within,
 Ensigns of Grandeur painted at the Door,
 But all within diminutively poor ?

The gawdy Slaves may shew their Master's vain,
 And cheat the unwary with a num'rous Train;
 But spight of all the tawdry Coat and Lace,
 Th' unthinking Thing will peep out of the Glass,
 And shew the Multitude his Monkey-Face.

Sometimes alone th' insipid Ideot rowls,
 The Admirat ion of fond gazing Fools,
 Whose slender Opticks can no farther go,
 Than to the Splendor of the gilded Show.
 Sometimes to prove their Conversation bright,
 They bring with them a Gamester, Rake, or Wit;
 Then decently deride the beauteous *Ring*,
 And bawdy Jests around the Circle fling.
 With bouncing *Bell* a lusheous Chat they hold,
 Squabble with *Mall*, or Orange *Betty* scold,
 Then laugh immoderately, vain, and loud,
 To raise the Wonder of th' attentive Crowd;
 At last to finish here their Puppy-Show,
 The Bawd's dispatch'd to serve a Biller-deux.

Othes come here to please their Appetites,
 In nicer Pleasures, and in soft Delights.
Sylvanus languishes the Night away,
 And wishes, that the Light would longer stay:
 If he but sees the fair *Aurelia*'s Shade,
 The pliant Youth bows down his suppliant Head,
 Just like a Bulrush, or a slender Reed:

But if her Garment touch his am'rous Eye,
 His Sighs encrease as if the Swain would die;
 No sooner does he view the charming Face,
 But instantly he quits th' enchanted Place;
 No longer able to sustain the Fire,
 That draws him thither with such warm desire.
 Pity *Sylvanus*, and his wretched Doom,
 Who is in love, but knows not well with whom.

Horatio round the splended Circle flies,
 And, like the Hawk, darts terror from his eyes.
 The captive Fair just like the Coward Game,
 Tremble to look upon the blazing Flame:
 The Tyrant-Lover triumphs o'er the Prize;
 For what we gain with ease, we most despise.
 Inhuman this, to use bright *Lycia* so,
 Who gave him first the Effence of a Beau.

See how *Salmonio*'s turn'd a Country-Clown,
 From being once the first-rate Fop in Town!
 VVhen spangl'd Coach and fix did so surprize,
 And drew along with them the Ladies Eyes;
 How then *Salmonio* revell'd in each Heart,
 That scarce can claim in any now a part!

Here, in this view, a thousand diff'rent ways
 There are, to raise Mens wonder, and to please:
 Some satisfy with gaudy Cloaths their Pride,
 And some in Stuffs so in a Coach will ride;
 Such diff'rent things our Inclination guide,
 No Hunger pinches, when prepar'd with Pride.
 Six Days the Niggard shall his Carcass pine,
 That on the seventh he may nobly dine.

Th' ambitious Fair aspiring to be Great,
 Shall for these Ends, refuse to drink or eat,
 So that on *Sunday* they be sure to bring
 A handsome Equipage to make the *Ring*.

Others there are, rather than not appear,
 VWill hire a Chariot fifty times a year ;
 Good natur'd Madam strip her Petticoat,
 To make her Coach-man fine in a Surtoot ;
 Tho' in a Garret laid, and homely Bed,
 The Coach and Horses still run in her Head.
 Those quell the Vapours, and those stagnant Fumes,
 VWhich, as 'tis said, for want of Motion comes ;
 For Hippo will in some so strongly fix,
 It can't be cur'd without a Coach and six ;
 Whose swift career whirls with such force about,
 It drives gymnastickly the Vapour out ;
 Tho', as the Learn'd pretend to make it plain,
 They catch hereby a more malignant Pain,
 That which admits not of the wisest Rules
 , But *Ratcliff's* must a-like with *Garth's* prove Fools.

Satyr, look here, with more discerning Eyes,
 Where Goldon Dust does from the City rise,
 That triumphs boldly in th' Olympick Prize.
Gouernius shines with most exalted Pride,
 Because he's honour'd with a noble Bride ;
 The Pageant-Painting like a Lord-May'r's Show,
 Deck'd out with Maiden Queen and mimick Beau,
 Let's the Spectator quickly understand,
 The Owner wants no Mony, and no Land ;

But

But thus profusely fine, can scarcely tell,
 Whether he is a Man or Angel, well:
 For rais'd above the crowd, with pompous train
 He thinks his equal to a Monarch's Reign.
 The indulgent Culls of late are grown so kind,
 They always for their Vanity Excuses find;
 Seldom to *Park* the good-natur'd Ninny drives,
 But pleads, thus we must do to please our Wives;
 When th' odds are very great, whether or no
 You ever see the Dowdy with the Beau:
 But if a Belle the Ape is fond to play,
 As Kittens do, by pawing all the Day;
 Or else in publick with an awkward Grin,
 He fleers at Madam to regale her Spleen.

Reverse to this *Oneglia* thinks her 'Spouse
 The dullest, useless thing about her House;
 Perswades the Coxcomb, and he does believe
 She is a Saint, tho' others think an *Eve*.
 With him she scorns to visit Plays or *Park*;
 But rather there, than meet him in the Dark.
 The Coquet does in ev'ry thing prevail,
 Tho' all Men know her Art and Beauty stale;
 But in the *Ring* she always will be seen
 In various Colours, Yellow, Red, and Green,
 And like her Horses, skinny, old, and lean.
 No gaudy Tulip in the Month of *May*,
 Smells half so rank, or dresses half so gay.

Mutia's a Widow, solemn looks and grave,
 But yet would fain a second Venture have,

Before her Daughters, who are all full grown,
 Among the ramping six, can meet with one.
 The Fault is theirs, perhaps the Maids are shy,
 And will not, as some do, their Husbands buy;
 Or take up, as some Widows have thought best,
 With a young Rake, or else a brawny Priest.

Mutias's more modest, by her Liv'ry known,
 A Non-Con-Gray, or else a Ruffet-Brown.

Manlius thro' all the City does proclaim
 His Arms, his Equipage, and ancient Name;
 For search the Court of Honour, and you'll see
Manlius his Name, but not his Pedigree.

What then? This is the Practice of the Town,
 For should no Man bear Arms, but what's his own,
 Hundreds that make the Ring, would carry none:
 And that would spoil the Beauty of the Place,
 For Scutcheons show Antiquity and Race;
 Which ev'ry one have right to that come here,
 As Soldiers have to Arms, that go to War.
 This is th' Olympick-Field; he wins the Prize,
 That dazles most the fair Spectators Eyes.

Here young *Furnessio*, like his Father vain,
 Without the Purchase would the Conquest gain;
 With tawdry Dress, for great and noble pass,
 As with the Lyon's Skin once did the Ass;
 But, spite of all his Politicks appears
 Uluckily to his Disgrace, his Ears.

Just so the fancy'd Equipage will show
 The Judgment and the Choice from whence they flow.

Liv'ries

Liv'ries sometimes afford a decent Grace;
 That are not trimm'd with Gold or Silver Lace :
 But who in Bays and Worsted would appear
 Ingeniously genteel, must copy here.

Gazus and *Lycius* long have been enroll'd
 In the bright *Circus*, and their Stories told :
 What Conquests they have made, what Triumphs

How often round the Olympick-Circle run, (done.
 The Prizes they have gain'd, how many Nymphs un-
 Tell now, my Muse, what Wonders thou hast seen,
 What heaps of Chariot-Wheels thick crowding in,
 To scour the dusty Plain, or beat the flow'ry Green.

Contend for Victory, which should exceed
 The noblest Chariot, or the noblest Steed.
 The Gilding, Carving, or the brightest Glafs,
 The fairest Periwig, or fairest Face.
 The richest Clothing, or the nicest Shape,
 The best Retinue, or the greatest Ape.
 Nor are the beauteous Sex excluded here,
 As anciently in *Greece* and *Rome* they were,
 But may contend to win the glorious Prize,
 Gain'd by their Dress, more often then their Eyes.
 Here Heads 'gainst Heads are drawn up in Array,
 When careless Negligence shall win the Day;
 Hoods against Hoods, and Ribbons singly prove,
 The Colour which conduces most to love;
 Ev'n Handkerchiefs are Ensigns now of War,
 At once attract our Eyes, and guard the Fair,
 Thus glitt'ring Ornaments most deeply wound,
 And dart us thro', as hurry'd swiftly round.

Just

Just like the heated Wheels, the Heart grows warm,
 And struggling Nature sucks in ev'ry Charm;
 Lab'ring for Breath, instead of cooling Air,
 We draw in Poyson, cast out by the Fair.

Contagious this, Men frantick grow, and mad,
 And here forget the Reason once they had.

Cymander thus, from a plain home-spun Clown,
 Is now become the errant'st Rake in Town,
 And dazles with a splendid Show, the *Ring*,
 Tho' like the Bat at Twilight he come in:

For 'tis enough *Cymander* has been there,
 To boast of Favours, and to toast the Fair:

Well skill'd in Heraldry, he vaunts his Arms
 Have more Admirers, than *Serinda's* Charms;

Tho' in a Hack he loves a gen'rous She,
 He hates the nauseous *Airs* of Quality.

Freedom and Liberty is what he seeks,
 And downright Bawdy chiefly what he speaks.

In short, to make his Character compleat,
 All Rakish Vices singly in him meet.

Volubius has a nice and courtly Mein,
 That seldom is but with Decorum seen,
 Hates gaudy Colours, but affects much Green.
 His House, his Coach, his Equipage, his Wife,
 Must bear his Badge. To draw him to the Life,
 How strangely we're in Love with Colours grown?
 For House-Painting, *Marlb'rough* is only known;
 But for our Vices, we have really none.

This is a happy Age, when Vice may naked walk,
 And Vertue only wants the' informing Cloak.

That

That *Virgius* gives, not out of modish Whim,
 But for a Cue, that others follow him
 In Russet-Brown, and well chose Orange-Trim.
 He that would to the Top Court-Fashion go,
 Must not in flanting Lace assume the Beau,
 But chuse grave Colours, fac'd with Red, or so.
 These decently apply'd with harmless plain,
 And six rare Steeds to stretch the silken Rein,
 Will win the noblest Prize there set to view,
 Before the Green, the Yellow, or the Blue.

Not but *Severus* has much Honour gain'd,
 And long the Glory of the Field maintain'd,
 Since Grandeur from Nobility will shine,
 And make the Heirs confess their noble Line,
 When upstart Heroes must the Prize decline.

Fortune don't always give the Palm away
 To him that constantly is vain and gay ;
 But sometimes does indulgent Favours grant
 To those that merit, and to those that want.
Somerius this, and bright *Winghamius* show
 The bounteous Gifts that from true Merit flow.
 This don't in outward Equipage appear,
 Yet carries in't an Air of Grandeur here.
 The gaudy Fop, with all his pompous State,
 Envies this Greatness he can't imitate.
 In vain he strives, by Air or Dress to please,
 While this Ambition breaks his fancy'd Ease ;
 In vain he labours by these Arts to rise ;
 He must be humble, e'er he can be wise ;

That

That Rule well learn'd he boldly may essay
 T' ascend the Scale of Honour since he treads the way.
 Ambition eas'ly teaches us to fly
 Like *Icarus* boldly, and attempt the Sky,
 Where most like him, meet with unsteady Fate,
 And thousands perish, for one unfortunate.

Mars indeed, without these Wings has flown
 Beyond Ambition's Reach, beyond a Crown.
 Immortal Fame has mounted him so high,
 He has no Space to touch 'twixt Earth and Sky;
 No Pomp of State can reach his Glory here,
 Or well wrought Scene his Actions make appear;
 No Painter draw this *Mars* his eldest Son,
 Or Poet e'er express what he has done.
 He is the Glory of our *British* Isle,
 On whom the *Bretish Circus* e'er shall smile,
 And yield their Honour sacred to his Word,
 Who has preserv'd it by his Conq'ring Sword.

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